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all new

CHARLTON



# The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera Production

## GRRRR!

I CAN  
HEAR THE  
OCEAN'S ROAR,  
BARNEY!



00748





# The FLINTSTONES

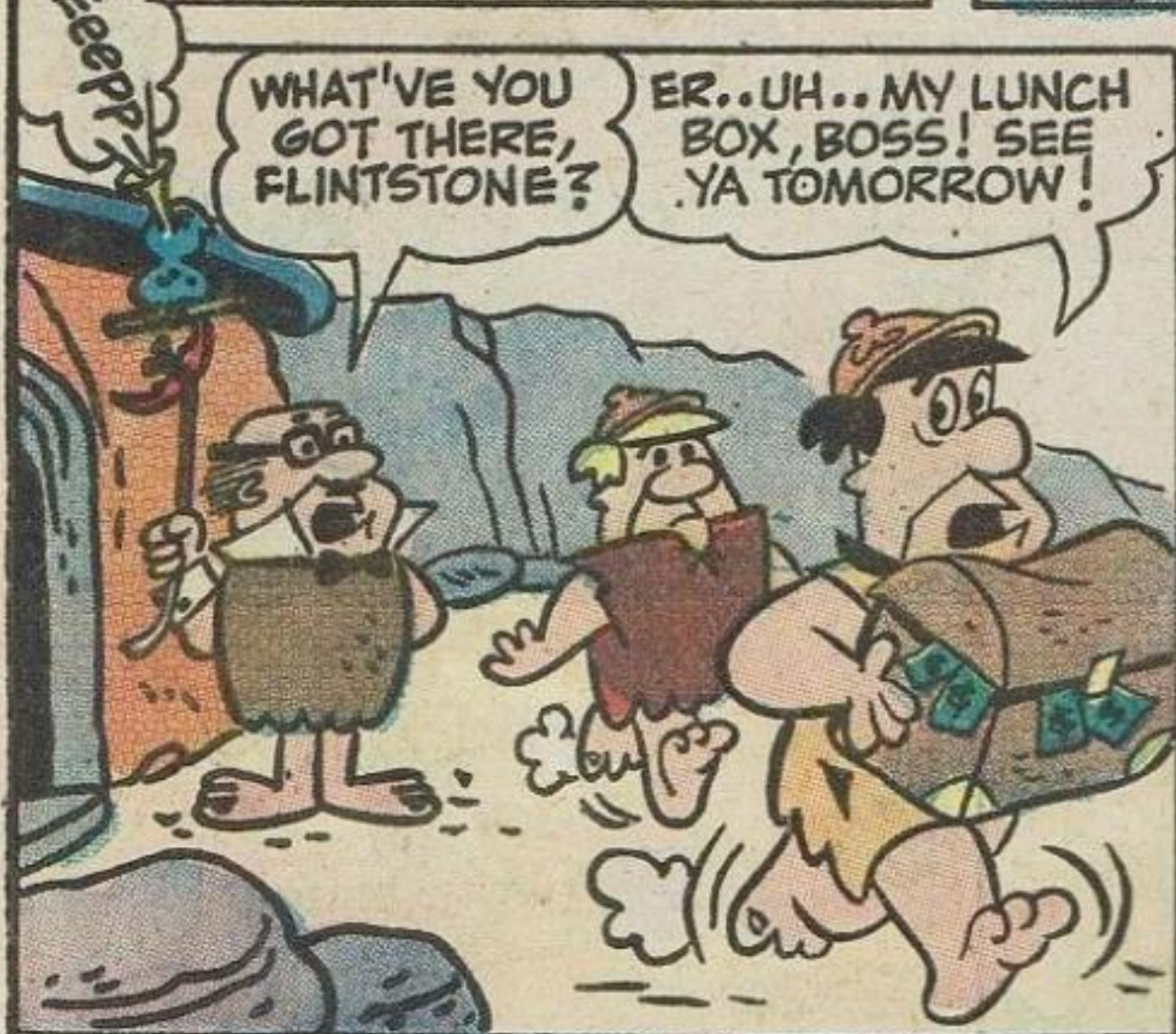
# FINDERS KEEPERS



THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 7, No. 47, August, 1976.

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher, George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 30¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1976 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.











# The FLINTSTONES

# Little Feet!





# The FLINTSTONES

# The Partners

I SPENT ALL MY DOUGH  
BOWLIN' LAST NIGHT, BARNEY!  
CAN YA LOAN ME A COUPLE  
BUCKS?

I GOT SEVEN CENTS  
AND BETTY SEZ SHE  
WON'T GIMME A DIME  
TILL PAYDAY!



D-7607

DUH! DOES IT  
LOOK LIKE RAIN,  
SHORTY?

UH... I DON'T  
THINK SO, FRED!  
LOOK UP AN' SEE  
IF IT'S CLOUDY!



IT'S  
MINE!!

I SEEN  
IT FIRST!!



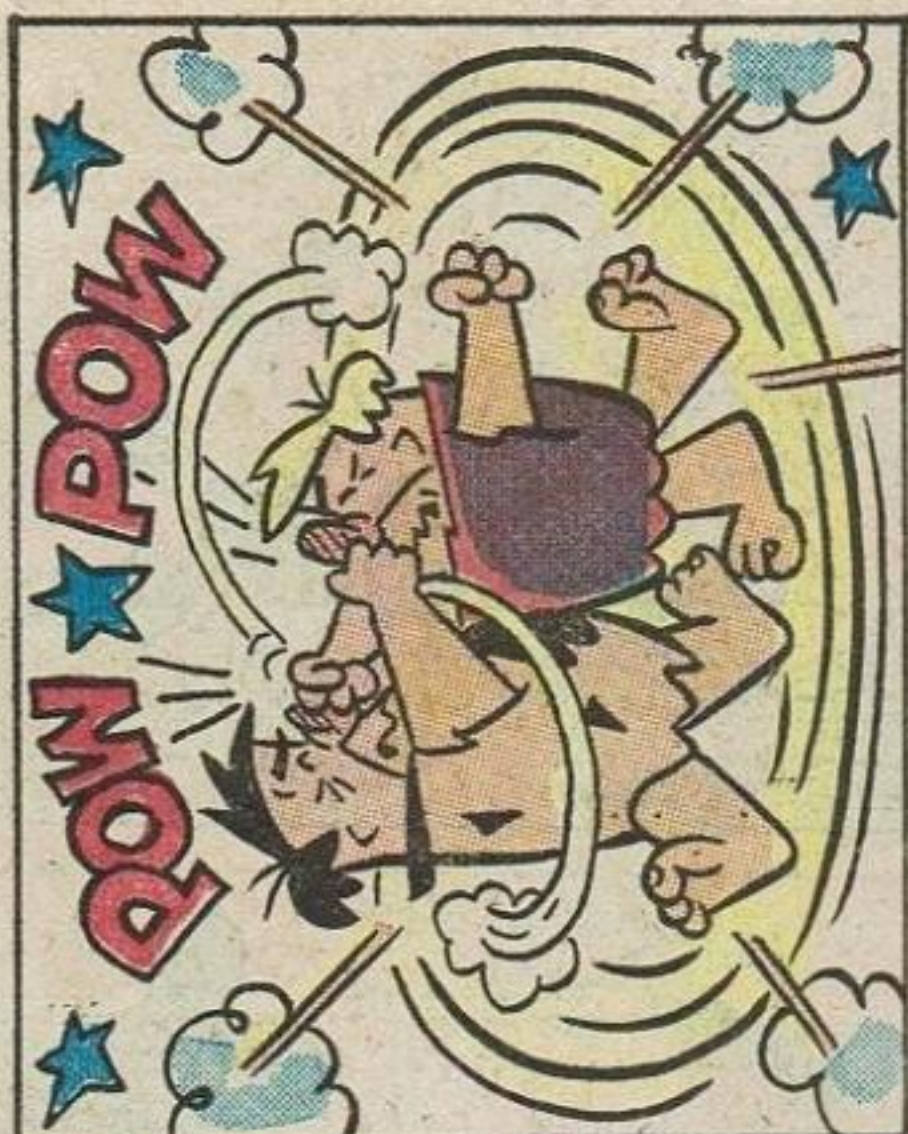








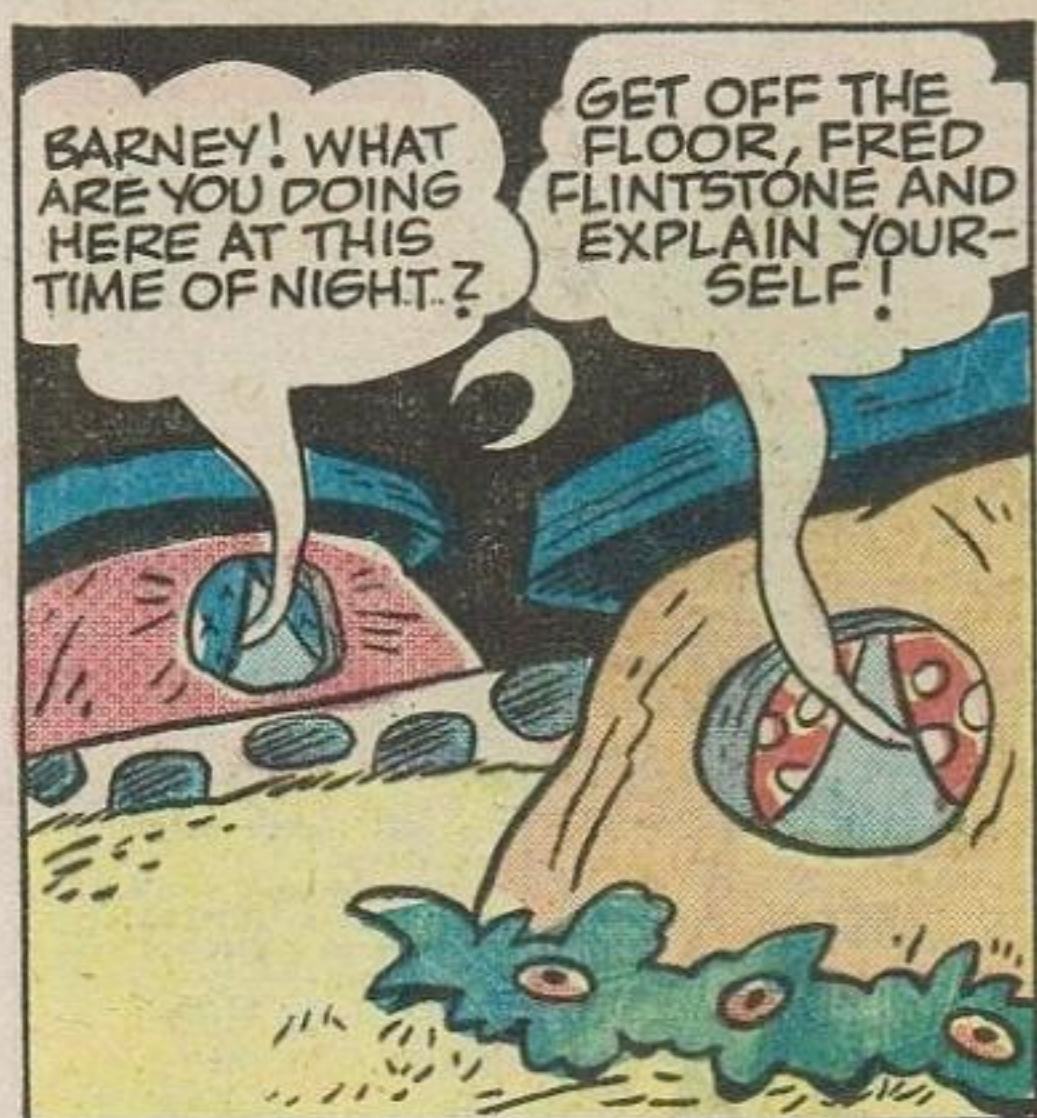












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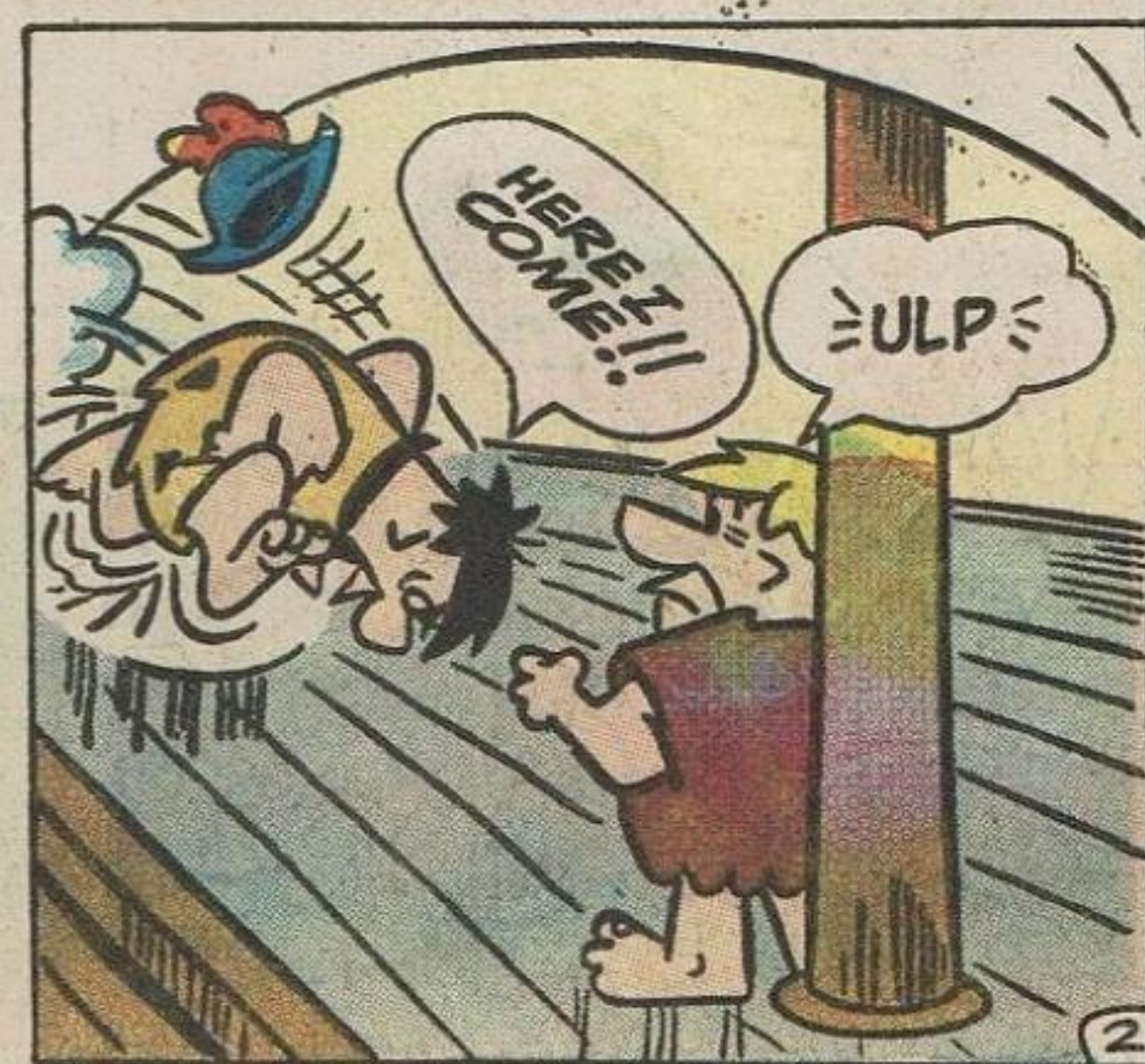


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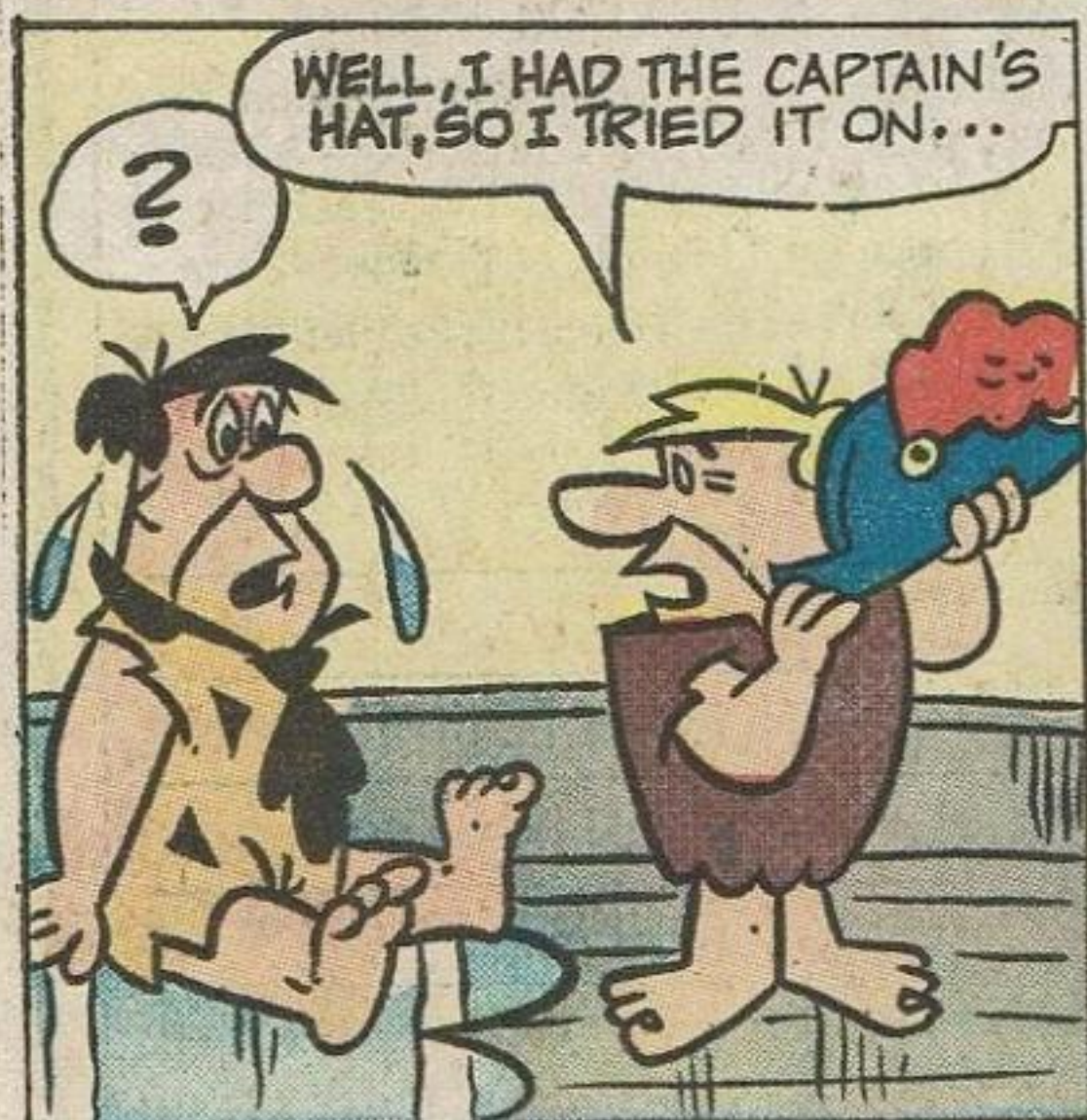
# Mutiny on the Bedrock Bounty



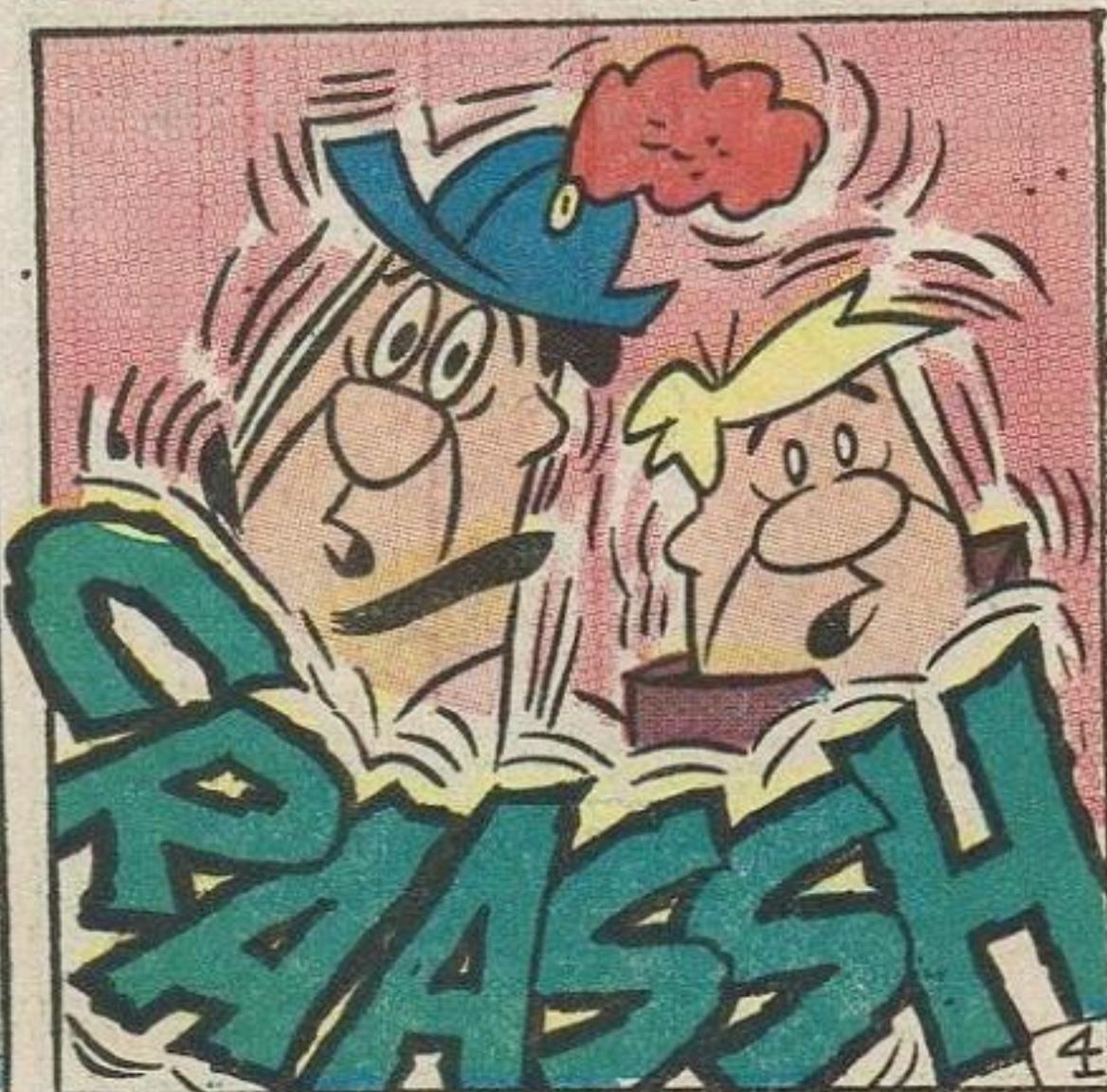








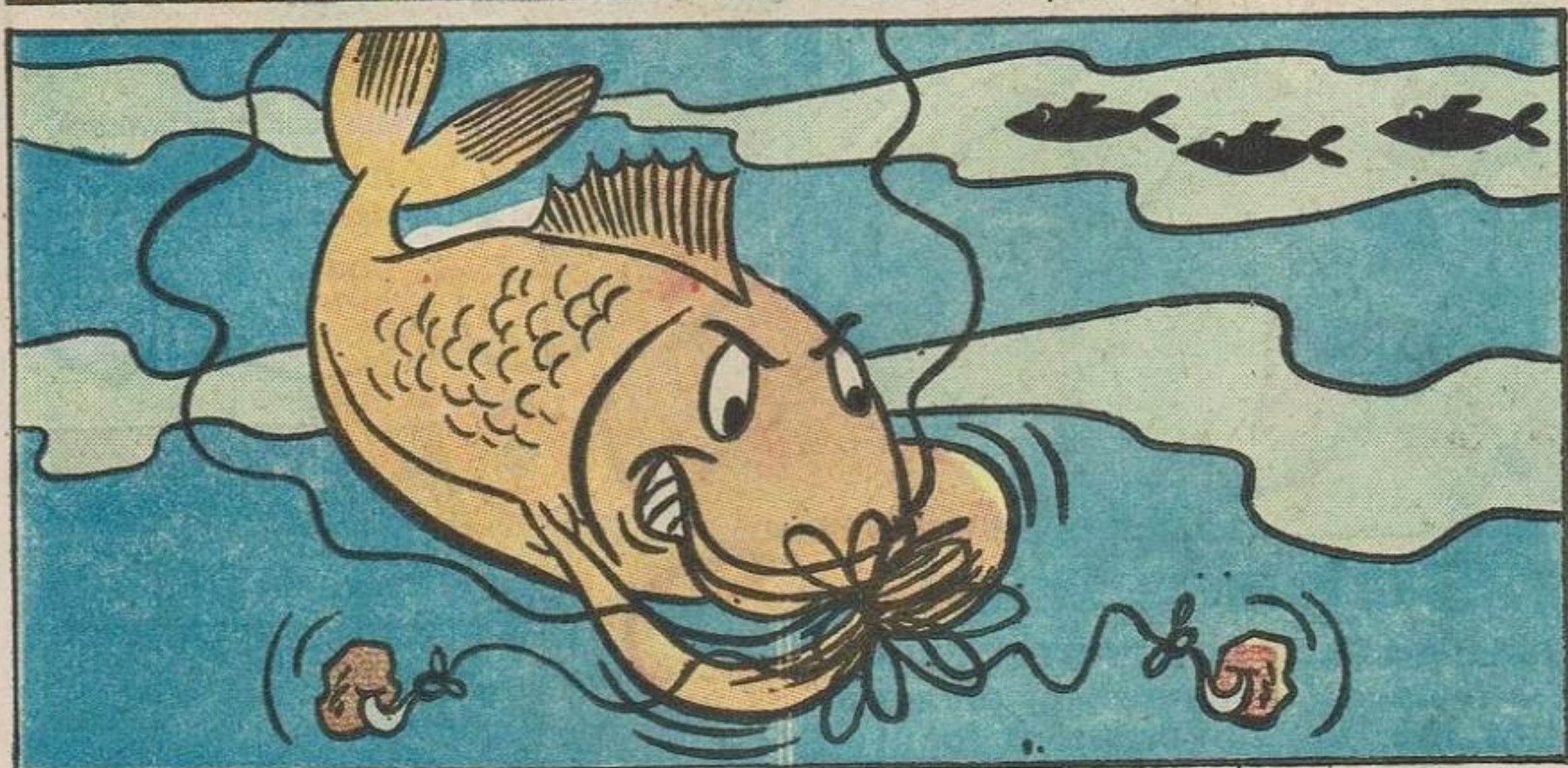
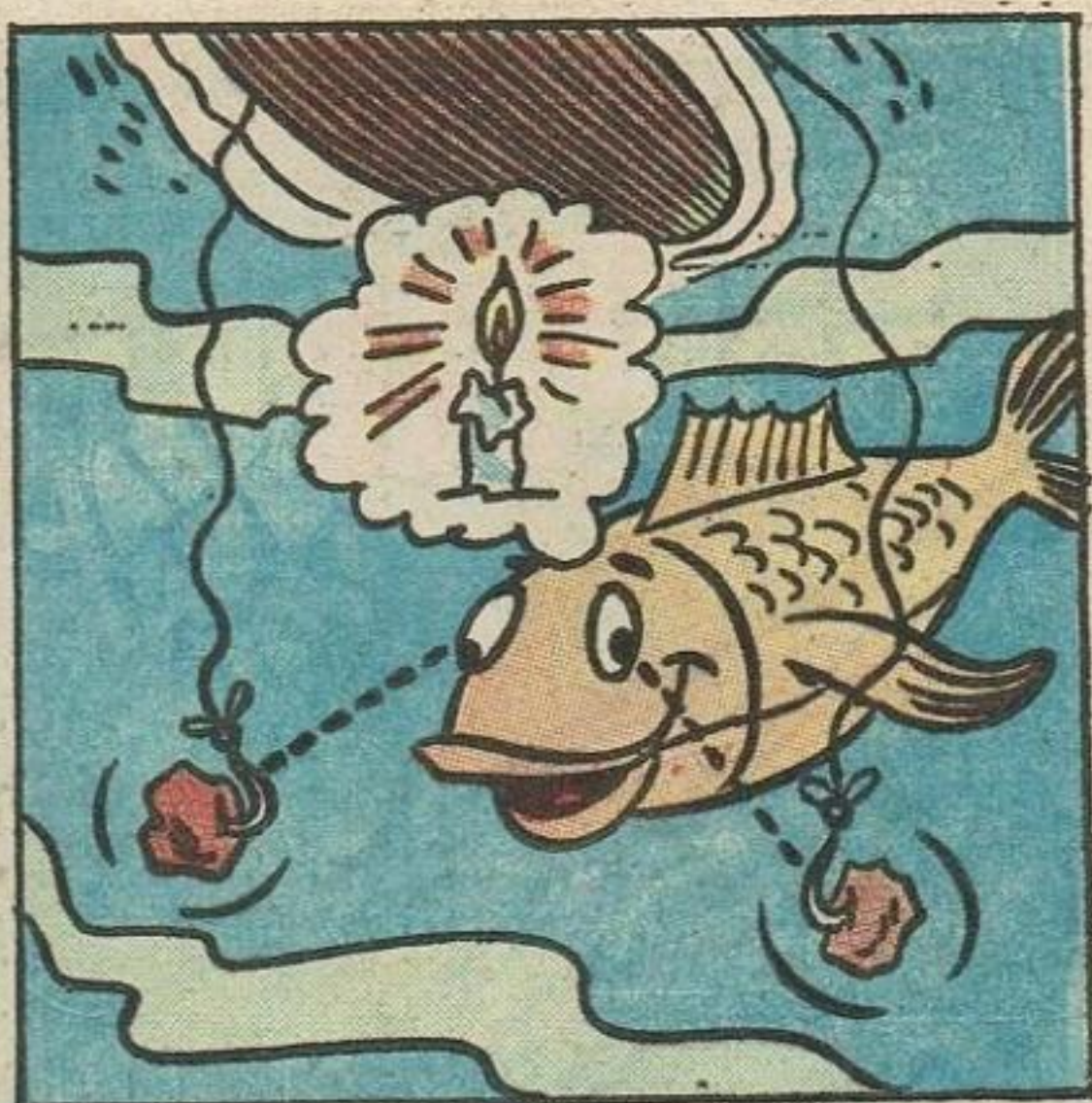




















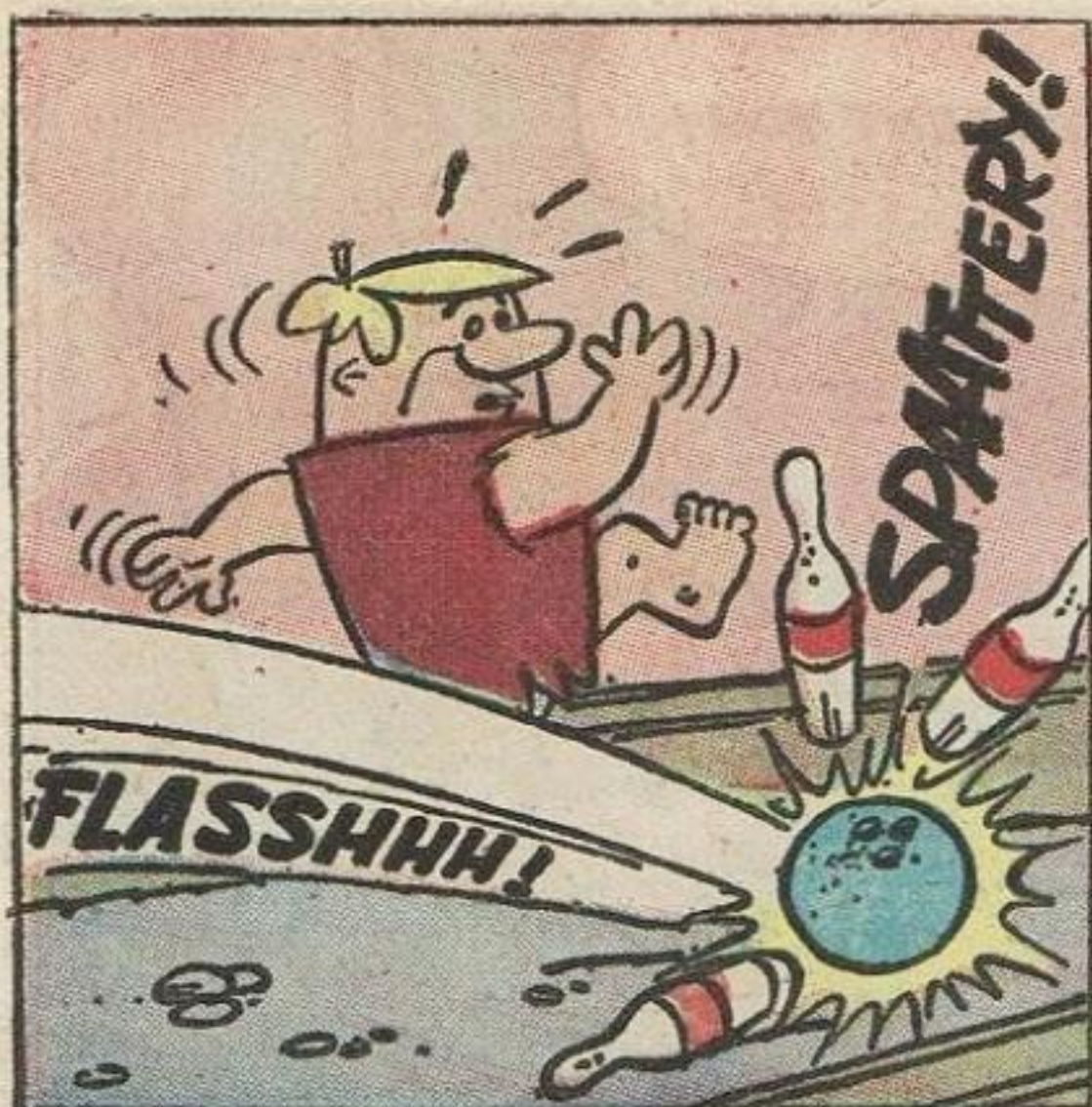








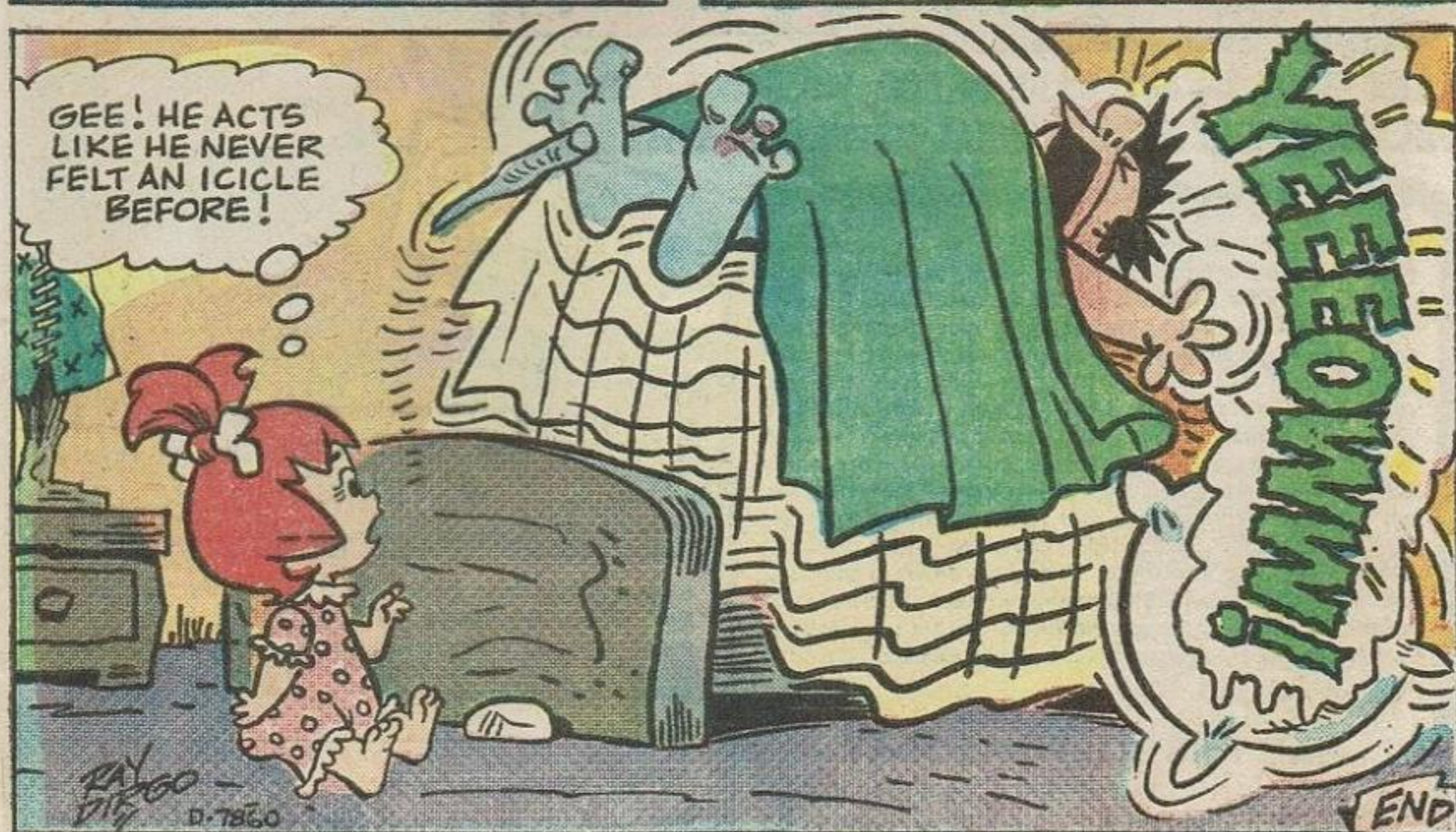




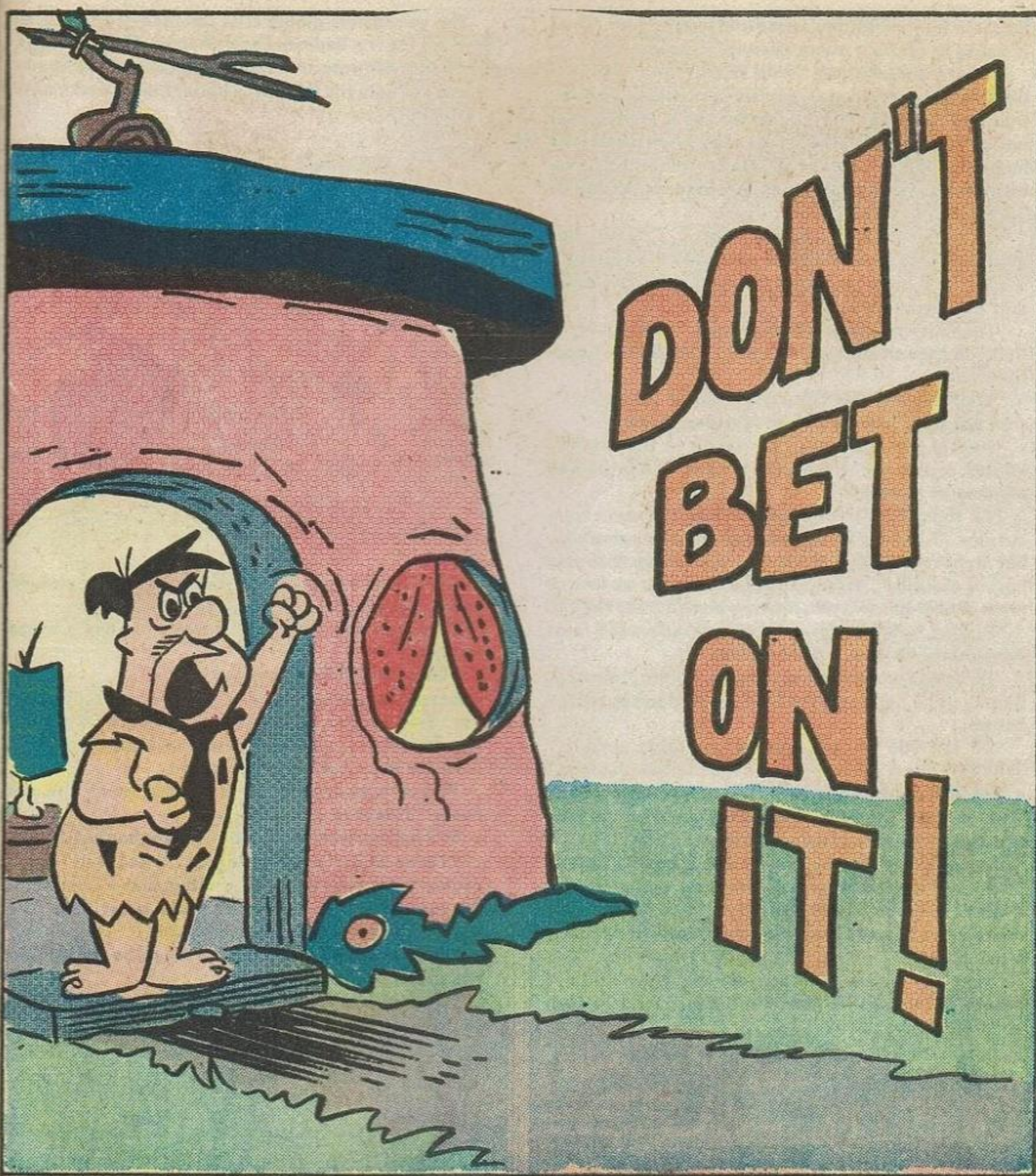


# The FLINTSTONES

# COLD FEET







"What's making all of that racket outside?" grumbled Fred Flintstone as he got up from the breakfast table and lumbered over to the window.

"It's a gang of kids playing marbles on the lawn," explained Barney as he watched his bosom buddy march across the room.

"Those kids are making too much noise. I'm going to chase them away. I'll teach them a thing or two," promised Fred as he looked out of the window and shook his fist in the air angrily.

"I wouldn't bet on that, Freddie boy!" answered Barney. "These kids are noisy, but they're also tough!"

"Barney, don't say that word around Fred," cautioned Wilma. "Fred has Betaphobia! If he gets started betting on things, he'll bet on anything,

anytime, anyplace just for the thrill of it!"

"Oh-oh! It's too late, Wilma! Look!" cried Betty as she nervously pointed at Fred.

Fred was standing as stiff as a statue. He was blankly staring off into space. Fred Flintstone had gone into a Betaphobia trance as soon as he'd heard Barney mention the word Bet.

"Bet? B-Bet? Bet! ... Bet! ... Bet! Bet! Bet!" mumbled Fred hypnotically as he watched the boys playing marbles out on his front lawn. "Playing marbles is a game I can bet on! Yabba Dabba Do! I'm going outside to play marbles! I can bet on every shot!" Fred exclaimed enthusiastically as he dove out of the window head-first.

"Now you did it!" said Betty as she waved her



finger in front of Barney's nose and scolded him. "Fred is going to gamble away everything he owns!"

"Don't blame Barney," said Wilma sadly. "It's not his fault that Fred is a compulsive gambler. I've been trying to cure him of his illness for years. Fred likes to bet on things because he's never ever, won a bet! He's lost every bet he's ever made! He keeps betting in the hope that someday he's going to win at something — at anything!"

"I understand," replied Betty. "Fred has Betaphobia because he loses constantly. If he won a wager, he'd have no reason to keep betting. He could quit as a winner!"

"That's it exactly," Wilma agreed. "The trouble is that Fred bets on such idiotic things, that he can't possibly win!"

"Well, maybe this time he'll win at something," said Barney. "Is Fred a good marbles player?"

"Fred is the worst marbles player in the world!" Wilma answered. He couldn't beat a blindfolded monkey at marbles!"

Just then, Fred's voice echoed into the room from outside. "I know I've already lost all of my marbles, but I'm not quitting yet! I'll bet my T.V. set against your bag of marbles!" Fred Flintstone roared in an insane tone. His Betaphobia was making him do crazy things.

"Barney, you'd better get out there before Fred loses everything we own," cried Wilma.

"I'll see if I can snap him out of it, Wilma," shouted Barney as he hopped off of his chair and ran out of the house.

"I'll bet you my car against your blue marble," yelled Fred to a young boy with red hair and freckles.

"Hold it! Hold it right there!" screamed Barney as he dashed down the walk toward the place where Fred and the boys were playing marbles.

Barney called the youngsters into a huddle as Fred anxiously waited near the shooter's circle. Barney Rubble whispered into the boys' ears. When they heard what he had to say, they smiled and nodded approvingly.

"Here's a dollar for each of you. Now scram!" Barney ordered as he placed a Bedrock Buck in each outstretched hand.

The youngsters gladly took the money and quickly headed for the Bedrock Soda Shoppe. They no longer wanted to play marbles with Fat Freddie. They figured that a dollar in the hand was better than a Rockmobile in the bush.



"Now you've ruined everything," Fred complained. "Now I don't have anything to bet on!"

"Yes, you do!" answered Barney. "I have a wage for you."

"What is it?" Fred asked.

Barney leaned over and whispered into his buddy's ear. Fred smiled, nodded affirmatively and shook hands on the bet. Calmly, quietly and happily, the two men marched back into the house.

"What happened?" Wilma asked when she saw them. "Has Fred quit betting?"

"I'll never make another bet!" Fred shouted sternly.

"That's right," agreed Barney. "I bet Fred that he couldn't stop betting. I have to buy him a hamburger for every day that he doesn't make a bet. Fred likes eating better than he does betting!"

"That you can bet on!" said Fred as he smiled from ear to ear.

It looked like Fred had finally made a bet that he could win.

